

CLAY ALLISON
OF
THE WASHITA

FIRST A COW MAN AND THEN AN EXTINGUISHER
OF BAD MEN

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
COLORADO, NEW MEXICO AND THE
TEXAS PANHANDLE

REMINISCENCES OF A '79ER

TO MY FRIENDS IN THE ENCHANTING EAST
TO *Mis Compadres* IN THE FASCINATING WEST

COMPLIMENTS OF
O. S. CLARK,
ATTICA, INDIANA.

Graff

The Newberry Library

The Everett D. Graff Collection
of Western Americana

739

COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR
C.S. CLARK ATTICA IND
1920

CLAY ALLISON
OF
THE WASHITA

FIRST A COW MAN AND THEN AN EXTINGUISHER
OF BAD MEN

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
COLORADO, NEW MEXICO AND THE
TEXAS PANHANDLE

REMINISCENCES OF A '79ER



CLAY ALLISON OF THE WASHITA

First a Cow Man and then an Extinguisher of Bad Men

The writer, together with two cow boy friends, had gone into New Mexico in the eighties at different times and had purchased cattle, and driven them to the Pan Handle of Texas. On one of the trips we had gone into the Trimentena Creek country, some twenty or thirty miles from Las Vegas, where there had not been any rain to speak of for two years, and of course where the cattle were cheap and poor, but we decided to take a chance on being able to get them to the Pan Handle where the grass was good, so we helped the Mexican Vaqueros round-up and cut-out what we thought we could handle, and after the usual dickering and collective bargaining, we made the trade and invested our little wad and started them on the trail. We started short-handed, short-grubbed and short-horsed, and after a day or two of driving hit the "Char Les Goodnightie Trail", as the natives called it. We'll never forgive him for locating it where he did. It was all right in shortening the distance from Mex to Tex, but otherwise it will shorten the span of every man's soul that ever drove cattle over that trail. After getting straightened out comfortably on the trail and the cattle were doing fairly well, the two years of accumulative rain that had been coming to that country was dumped on us in about one week, but after many storms, stampedes and hardships, such as riding all day and night herding without relief, we finally struck our horn of plenty, God's Country, the Texas Pan Handle. While in camp one day at noon, you know at the noon hour with cattle on the trail the herd is turned loose to graze while the cow punchers get their dinner and catch up a little on sleep; on this particular day with wood and water running by, handy to our camp; we were busily engaged in trying to coax the wet cow chips to burn so that we could cook our dinner and prepare the succulent sow belly and the dainty sour dough bread, in the true cafetaria style, which is self helping you know. Has the reader ever had any experience with a cow-chip camp fire in a rainy time? We should judge not, and we want to say now that no heaven born man will ever reach that realm, that has ever had anything to do with that pesterin', pusillanimous kind of a cooking fire. It requires all of the juggling art of a Herrman, and all the blowing power of a Sampson, and all of the patience of a Job, to keep it alive. You may juggle it sidewise and length wise,

and you may balance it under or over the Dutch Oven, skilletts, etc., and you may blow the last breath that is in you, and you may coax, and cuddle and pamper, but if it is in the proper mode it will calmly and coolly, and without passion, sputter its last breath on you, and then you will retire, and become the quiet, serene man that you should be—maybe. When dinner was ready and as usual one of the boys had expressed his wish that some of his rich relatives in the East could be present on that particular occasion and partake of that elegant lunch, which had all of the rich flavor that a real cow chip fire could give it, we noticed a lone horseman approaching. As he came nearer we noticed that he was well equipped with plenty of shooting irons and was riding a magnificent black gelding. When he got into the camp circle we invited him to light and have some dinner. He did so, and upon closer inspection we observed that he and his mount were completely covered with Winchester rifles, the regulation 45 Colts, and the conventional Bowie knives. As he sat down, he remarked that he was lost and inquired where we were. We stated that we were not certain, but thought that we were on the head waters of the Beaver—this afterwards proved true. He was a magnificent type of man, handsome, six feet or more tall, with a clear, keen, gray eye; well dressed and had the absolute qualities of a gentleman, polite in the extreme. After we had all circled the camp fire and sat down we tried to relieve his reticence somewhat, as he seemed rather quiet and observing, by one of the boys, who was tender in the feet, asking some most unusual and unbecoming questions. This boy violated all the rules and regulations and specifications of polite Texas society. He went contrary to all of the customs and traditions of that elite community, as every body should know that all gentlemen residents of that country were expected to, at all times, taboo the delicate and touchy question of inquiring where you were from. The man realized at once that we were three very young and juicy tenderfeet and he proceeded very slowly and deliberately to answer any pertinent or personal questions. After a few common place remarks had passed and he had let us lope our heads off and had allowed us to circle around some, and the rope "had tightened on our necks sufficient," he said, as the Virginian would express it, "in a casual like way", that he was from the Washita county and was then on his way to New Mexico, where he had a brother living, and who was at that time in trouble. We boys again got very busy with our questions, as we had previously heard a great deal about a man by the name of Clay Allison who had considerable of a reputation and

name as a brave and daring character, and who it was reported, had killed some twelve or thirteen men, and had some fancy, unique and unusual ways of killing his men, all however in self defense—it was always, also, decided both by public opinion and by the courts that the fellow who usually got killed was always to blame for the row—and who we understood and had heard was from the Washita country. Blunderingly and ignorantly we bumped on more inquiries as to his associates and his associations, by asking him if he knew or had heard of Clay Allison in that country. Again he turned the subject and put the conversation on another tact, and taking his time, as old practiced cow punchers had a way of doing, he came back to the point in question, and said quietly, determinately and with some emphasis, that he was CLAY ALLISON, "What are you going to do about it?" Well, we were suddenly struck with the drunken reels and some fancy knee shaking. We couldn't even get up off our haunches or fall over, we were so scared, so we did our best to keep from swallowing our Adams Apple and choking to death. Finally suspecting that at that particular time he might be perfectly harmless we were determined to keep him that way if possible, and we at once became three of the best table waiters the banks of that old Beaver Creek had ever seen. It was Allison, or rather Mr. Allison, have some more meat (and meat was durn scarce too,), and it was Clay, or rather Mr. Allison, take more of these elegant sour dough sinkers, and it was Mr. Allison take plenty of the Frijoles (and it was over sixty miles to more beans). We sure did keep his plate, side boards and all, well filled, and he did sure eat some, which fact verified his statement that he had been living on Jack Rabbits for two or three days and was some hungry. When the time arrived for the dessert, we of course apologized, as his coming at that time had found us unprepared as the rich cream that we had been using had failed to whip, so that the best we could do was to offer him just plain prunes. He seemed to have a regular prune tooth, as he cleaned out that Prune Ranch in short order.

After having devoured the most of our lunch there was nothing more to say or do, so we all arose together, at one and the same time, that was another necessary and precautionary practice, due to the experience and mistakes that some of the former citizens and old timers had made, by remaining on the ground in a sitting position too long so that the other fellow got the drop. When he expressed the notion that he "must pull his freight" one of us took special pains and pride in directing him on the right trail, and another helped him cinch his saddle and arrange his artillery, while the

other filled his holsters and saddle bags with the balance of the grub that was in camp.

It was a pleasing and relieving sight to see Mr. Allison, with his magnificent array of preparedness disappear over the darkening horizon. It was always a source of gratitude to us that he did not, while visiting us and partaking of our hospitality get funny with his guns and shoot at our toes just to see us dance the highland fling and make our hair stand up pompadour like, but as I have said before he was considered a perfect gentleman, either in a fight or a visit.

As we watched him cut the divide we then, as usual, loaded the mess wagon and each one hid his plate and cup. That was necessary, because in every trail camp some one of the unscrupulous members might, if the plates and cups were all assembled in the box, be so unconventional as to pick out the nicest and cleanest licked plate for himself and leave the dirty ones for the rest. It was very seldom that the dishes got washed on account of the scarcity of water, both body and culinary. After we rounded up the cattle we silently, thoughtfully and reverently pointed the leaders down the long trail and dressed up the side lines and commenced to wallop the drags toward the cottonwoods and breaks of the Palo Duro country.

As I have mentioned before, Allison told us that he was going to his brother's place in New Mexico, as his brother was in trouble. We learned afterwards that it was on this particular trip of his, or one previously, that Clay got in a very close and dangerous situation, while engaged in a free for all fight against some of his own or his brother's old time enemies. The odds were terribly against him, so much so that he had to defend his life by shooting his way out. When the census was taken there were two dead and several wounded. I think that this occurred at Las Vegas, New Mexico.

On another occasion, after our first acquaintance, we again met Allison in New Mexico, but by that time we had grown a little wild and wooly ourselves, so much so that our teeth did not chatter when we came in contact with noted men like Allison, and again we found him the perfect gentleman and the true knight of western valor and honor, and at the same time always ready to kill any one who needed it.

It's appropriate and fitting at this time to tell about the true character and the many fine qualities of this cleaner up of bad men. This comes from first hand and is told by one of the boys who was with the party on the Beaver, previously spoken of, when Allison rode into our camp. This boy met Allison afterwards in the Palo Duro country and spent some days with him and had a good chance and opportunity to study his makeup.

He says: "He lived in the Washita country not far from Mobeetie. I am not sure whether his ranch was in Wheeler county or Hemphill county. I remember him quite well and had a nice visit with him once at our ranch when you were not there. He was a quiet, unassuming man, with no element of the desperado about him. He never killed any one except in self defense, but he had about one dozen to his credit, all of whom needed killing for the good of society. The bad men were always hunting him and we expected he would eventually die with his boots on, but, strange to relate he had a most unusual and strange, not at all in keeping with his past, death. He died in bed from the result of an injury received in falling off a loaded wagon and the wagon running over his neck.

"He once told me that he was not a good shot at a mark, except when the mark was a bad man. He seemed to think that he had just been simply lucky."

One of the stories, which has been vouched for, was about his killing a bad Mexican desperado in the dining room of the hotel (I suppose the Wright Hotel) at Dodge City. The Mexican came in the room with his gun in his hand, expecting to catch Allison off his guard. Clay had heard that the fellow was looking for him and had said he was going to kill him. Allison had taken a seat in the rear of the dining room, facing the door, with his gun in his lap. When the Mexican entered the room with his gun drawn, Allison quickly pulled up and shot him in the center of the forehead, killing him instantly and proceeded to finish his meal without rising from his chair.

On another occasion, when he was living on the Washita, he went to Dodge City for supplies, with his guns on him as was his usual custom. At that time the authorities were trying to enforce an ordinance requiring every one to disarm on entering the town. One reason given for this was the fact that that thickly populated cemetery, Boot Hill, was becoming crowded. When the marshal demanded and ordered that Clay remove his pistols, Allison protested, stating that it would be as much as his life was worth to lay them off for even one hour. After a conference on the part of the officials they decided that he must be disarmed. When they gave Clay the ultimatum he said to them, "Gentlemen, when these pistols go off they will go off smoking". They knew they would have to kill him if they persisted in their action, this they did not want to do, so they reconsidered the matter and gave him the freedom of the city and it's told that he did not abuse the privilege in any way and left town in a decent and orderly manner.

Allison was on the first grand jury ever convened in Hemphill County, Texas, the foreman of which, "Uncle

Dick Bussell, a veteran of the Adobe Walls Indian fight, still lives in Canadian, Tex., There was a preponderance of citizenship just like him on that grand jury, as they stayed a little tipsey so much that the Foreman could not get them to act on any bills of indictment. He kept them together for twenty-eight days before he gave up trying to turn in some indictments to the court, and Clay was just as hilarious when turned loose as he was the first day that he served as a grand juror.

Getting to the ridiculous side of Allison we have it related that on one occasion he rode into town and stopped his horse at the top of what is known now as College Hill, (we think located at Canadian, Tex.) He removed all of his clothes except his boots, which he left on. He then tied his clothes on behind his saddle and rode down through the town on the run, shooting and yelling, and so proceeded with the exhibition until he reached the outskirts of town. As he was a tall man of striking proportions this ride made something of a sensation, even in those days.

Probably the most dramatic and dramaturgy of all Allison's fights occurred at Las Animus, Colo., where one of the officers of the town had a fear and hatred for Allison, and had stated that if he ever got the drop on him, Allison, he would shoot to kill. On this fateful day Allison and his brother John went into a dance hall, when the marshal came in and ordered them not to go on the floor with their guns on their hips. Clay said, "You notice that the rest of the boys still have their guns on. Why do you order us to take our guns off when you don't the other fellows?" The officer went out and the two brothers separated, each going to opposite sides of the room. The officer came back and Clay was watching the door, as he always did on such occasions, and his brother was watching the dance. The Marshal pushed open the door and threw down a double barreled shot gun loaded with buckshot on the first of the boys he saw, not knowing exactly where the other of the brothers was. Clay yelled, "Look out," and as he yelled all three shot at one and the same time. Clay and his brother both shot the marshal through the heart. It was impossible to tell which killed him. The buckshot splintered the right arm and penetrated the right side of John. Clay immediately demanded a doctor for his brother before he would consent to arrest. John Allison was taken to the army post and later recovered from his wounds. Clay then consented to be arrested, providing they would not put the chains on him. But when he was disarmed they took advantage of him and chained him to the wall of his cell. He was finally liberated on habeas corpus proceedings

and before the court set the trial, all of the dance house girls, ditto gamblers, etc., had received transportation to New York, Palm Beach, and San Francisco, or some other and sundry places, and consequently there were no witnesses, hence the boys came clear.

In Allison's early days on the Washita the usual epidemic of cattle rustling broke out in his neighborhood. Calves were seen with mysterious brands, and they were not Mavericks either. Steers and cows would have their brands changed, some so recent that the burnt flesh would indicate that it was the handiwork of the rustler. The situation got so tense that the decent cattle men called for a meeting of the cow men to be held at some central ranch. The meeting was at night and after a good deal of discussion as to who were doing the dirty work, and suggesting means of catching the thieves, and no practical indications for finding or catching the rustlers, Clay Allison arose from his chair, and in his cool and deliberate way addressed the meeting. He said, "Men do you want to know who these d—— cattle thief rustlers are?" They said yes. Allison shouted, pointing his finger, "There they are. It's the A—— boys." As he pointed toward them he said, "And D—— you know it." There was an instant shifting of guns, and each individual looked for a point of vantage. After a moment of intense silence the strain was broken by the A—— boys pulling their guns and leaping for the open doorway. They dashed around the corner of the house toward an open window leading into the house, when some one noticed their actions and called to Allison, "Look out or they will shoot you through the window." With both pistols drawn he leaped to the corner of the room and yelled, "Come back here you calf stealing cattle rustlers." They slunk off in the darkness, knowing deep down in their dishonest hearts, that at the next meeting with Clay Allison their time would have arrived. He hated a sneak, he despised a thief, he loathed a cattle rustler. The A—— boys disappeared and went to a different climate for better or worse.

Allison naturally despised the cheap murdering Mexican desperado, and was most always in the mode to soak one if he needed killing. The following story illustrates how quickly and expeditiously he sent one to the bone hill. This Mexican had a big sombrero and was holding it in front of his stomach trying to hide the action of his right hand in reaching for his gun, after an altercation with Allison, and Allison shot him through the heart before he could pull. The acting Sheriff did not have the nerve to place Allison under arrest, and he represented to a Captain of the military post that there was a notorious out-law resist-

ing arrest and he would have to have some soldiers' help to make the arrest. The Captain and some soldiers went out to get Allison. When Allison found out what they wanted he asked the sheriff why he did not come out and call for him himself without bringing up the United States Army. As soon as the Captain heard this he said, "This is different, if that's the case you are at liberty to stay here and you do not have to go to town with me." Allison said to the Sheriff, "Did you ever try to arrest me?" "NO." "Did I ever refuse to be placed under arrest?" Again he answered "NO". "Well then why didn't you come out here like a white man and get me?" Finally the Captain remarked that he was going back, and Allison said he guessed he would also go back with him and clear the matter up. He was all prepared to go and told the Sheriff to ride about fifty yards in the rear "like a pup," because he, Allison, had some pride and didn't want people in town to see him riding in the same company as the sheriff. They came to a creek or water hole and were preparing to dismount for a short rest when Allison exclaimed, "Wait a minute. I don't want to desecrate good, honest ground while there is inferior dirt around"—meaning the sheriff. Then he made the officer of the law remove his little narrow brimmed, close fitting felt hat, which he filled with some sweet smelling water from an odoriferous water hole. He then commanded the sheriff to put on his hat, without spilling a drop or he would kill him, and he was to wear it clear into town, and riding behind all of the way. The sheriff was glad to follow instructions, though it must have been humiliating to a grandiose high sheriff.

As an illustration of his devilish disposition and his boisterous ways, it is told that on one of his many trips to New Mexico he seemed to shuttle back and forth from Tex to Mex pretty often. He hung up at Las Vegas and was taken with an attack of the toothache, he visited a dentist and the operator pulled what was thought to be the trouble maker. Allison left the office and sauntered down the street, between drinks. From some cause or another the whiskey did not have that quieting and soothing effect that most good whiskey was expected to have, and the pain returned. This time he decided to visit a different dentist. He did so and the operator told him that the first dentist had pulled the wrong tooth. Allison left the office and headed for the first one under full sail and all cylinders wide open. He arrived spitting blood, and fire in his eye. He grabbed the operator and at the same time snatched the forceps, threw the man down, and held him until he had pulled the most of his teeth out, then he released

him and said, "Good day sir."

For forty years we have had a faint memory of a story that was told us about that many years ago with reference to one of Allison's most thrilling and unique manner of killing his victims, and of late we have made many endeavors to reach the facts connected with this particular episode, but after writing a great many letters, making or having made for me investigations, we had almost given it up and decided that it all must be a myth or fiction or else we had dreamed it, although we had remembered quite distinctly of passing close to the place where it had happened and no doubt the natives had told us about it at the time. Now we have to announce that some one has just sent to our address a newspaper, of recent number, containing a full description, giving in detail all of the circumstances connected with same and the place where it occurred, which was at Clifton, New Mexico, and it agrees exactly with the story and location as it was told us forty years ago. This newspaper account, is the product of Fred Davis of Sunflower Valley, Colo., who was one of the earliest partners of Allison, and to whom we had written, but not having received any reply we despaired of getting him to answer. I presume we are indebted to him for this newspaper copy and we thank him. He tells the story and also other stories, accurately and with effect as follows:

"Clay Allison was a native of Tennessee, was six foot, two inches tall, weight about 175, black hair and big blue eyes, high forehead, and chin whiskers. He was a cripple. He never was shot but once, he did that himself accidentally. It made him a cripple for life. This shot was in the instep of his right foot. It was difficult for him to walk any great distance. During the civil war he was in the southern army, was captured, tried and condemned as a spy, and was sentenced to be shot.

There are some of the old timers who will read this article know Clay Allison as well as myself. They know that he had a very small hand, more like a woman's than a man's. The evening before he was to be shot the next morning he slipped off the hand cuffs, killed the guard and got away. This story was told me by his brother, Monroe Allison, and I do not question it.

In 1873 there was a desperado by the name of Chunk, who killed Walter Walled on the San Francisco between former senator Barela's ranch and Trinidad. It was said that Chunk had killed 14 men. He went from here to New Mexico saying that his next man would be Clay Allison. It was but a short time till the two men met at the "Old Clifton" house in Colfax County, New

Mexico. Both of these had good horses, those big blue eyes were gazing on Chunk for the first time, and if there ever was a man could read a gun man's thoughts it was Allison. The first thing to do of course was to take a drink, and the next thing another drink until both men were filled with the worst stuff that ever went down a man's whistle. One proposed a horse race, and they went down to the race track below Old Clifton and ran a race, then they took some more of that stuff that destroys the youth and business qualities of a young man.

"Chunk beat Clay in the horse race, and there was some words between the two men, Allison slapped Chunk in the face, finally Chunk pretended to apologize. He told Clay he was sorry any trouble had come between them, and that he (Chunk) would give a supper to show his sincerity. So Chunk ordered the supper, and it was to be served by an old Spanish-American woman and it was to be across the road from the Clifton House in a lonely cabin. By the time supper was ready it was necessary to have a lamp because it was dark. The two men's plates were put facing each other, and they sat down to supper as friends, but I don't think either of them enjoyed their meal or paid much attention to what was on the table. Both men must have had their pistols on their laps. Chunk made a desperate attempt to pull his gun, but struck the table with the barrel, then Allison drew his gun and shot him in the head, it was proven beyond a doubt that Chunk wanted the name of killing Allison."

"There was a man by the name of King at Crow Creek who had a vega, and King would dog his cattle a long ways over the country. Allison rode up to where King was digging a well and told him he must quit dogging his cattle, King became very abusive, had his shot gun leaning against the windlass of the well. Allison sprang like a lion between him and his gun, he cut King all to pieces with a knife. There was a man in the well, Allison pulled him out, got on his horse, went to Cimmaron City and sent out a doctor. King recovered.

"Allison's next trouble was caused by a preacher, I think he was a Methodist. Whatever church he belonged to ought to have his record, for he was a fearless preacher of early days. His name was Golby. He was murdered between Cimmaron City and Taos. It was thought at the time that some one hired him murdered. The murder had been committed sometime, and the murderer was still at large. There was another preacher (don't remember his name) went around to all of the cow camps in the country showing the bloody saddle that preacher, Goldby was rid-

ing when he was killed. He told the cow boys that he knew the man that committed the murder, and knew where he was. Allison and some very prominent cattlemen of that day started to hunt for the murderer, and took the preacher along to identify him. They caught him. The preacher says, "We will now turn him over to the authorities." Allison told him, "We are the authorities." The preacher says, "I want him to have justice." Allison says, "I will see that he gets justice, according to your testimony." A few days after Allison went to Cimmaron City. Pancho, who was town marshal hadn't been there but a short time. The two men had never met before. They went into Lambert's saloon, and took drinks together. Pancho asked Allison to step back in the corner of the saloon, as if he had something confidential to say to him, and Lambert heard the report of a pistol, and looked back in the corner and saw Pancho dead. Pancho was known to have killed several men.

"There was a company of colored soldiers sent out from Santa Fe to arrest Allison. They surrounded I. W. Lacey's house where they found him. The captian demanded his surrender, Allison told him that he would go with him anywhere if he would allow him to keep his arms. The captain agreed to do so. Allison was taken to Cimmaron City and turned over to Sheriff Rhinehart. The sherff says, "what can I do with him." The captain told him to take as many soldiers as he needed, so he asked for 10 men, and started with Clay Allison to Taos. On the way Allison pretended that he wanted to reinch his saddle. He jumped behind a big rock and told Rhinehart he would have to take the other end of the road, which he did. One of the colored soldiers says: "If de sheriff don't want Mistah Allison, what use have we for him." So Allison was left behind the rock. In 1876 Allison went to La Animas with a shipment of cattle. After they were shipped he and his brother, John, went into town, for what we used to call a good time."

Cap Aarington, who is still living and enjoying the quietness and retirement that is due the old timer, and who was in his day a snappy and fearless officer of the law, and in command of a company of rangers, had the following experience with Allison. This is a story told by Cap himself: The Captain was sent, with a detail to Roberts County to be present and to assist in holding down the lid a little, while the boys organized the county. He and his company stopped at Fort Elliott, and were entertained and detained and encanteened long enough so that the Captain learned that Ace Powell was in the vicinity. The Cap was not hunting

Powell particularly, but knew there was a warrant for him, so decided to go and get Powell and bring him into Elliott. He did so and found Allison was present also, and had just bought Powell's cattle and had paid down a small amount, with the understanding that the contract would be completed in Mobettie. They all met at Elliott on their way to Mobettie, and Allison in his devilish, joking way slipped up behind the Captain and removed his pistol. Cap told him with a calm and firm voice to "put the gun back". He did so. While Allison was itching for a fuss, he very seldom started one. They drove the cattle on to Mobettie and Allison proceeded to pay over the balance of the purchase price to Powell. Aarington told him not to pay the money to Powell, as a prisoner could not receive money while under arrest. Powell consented to this, providing the Captain would give him a receipt for the money. Allison immediately demanded a receipt from Aarington also. The latter refusing to issue two receipts Allison got hostile and commenced to shift for position but Aarington was a little quicker in this instance and Clay realized that he had best back up and retire, under the existing circumstances.

An old time beef buyer for the government, first at Fort Dodge until about 1880, and then at Fort Elliott, knew Clay Allison well, and at times Allison would stop at his place and spend some days with him. Allison told him the details of his troubles and fight in New Mexico that have been referred to before, where it was mentioned that he was on his way to New Mexico to get his brother, John Allison, out of a scrape.

He also tells of a trip with Allison on horse back, and he had been told before starting, that if Allison ever asked him to take a drink, to be sure and drink as Allison would in all probability kill him if he refused. After they had been on their way some little time Clay pulled his bottle and passed it to him saying, "Take a drink" but he only smiled and thanked him, saying "he never drank". Allison took a regulation drink at that time but not another one on the entire trip. He also tells of an incident that occurred while Allison and he were on another trip. When they went into camp, Allison being pretty tight, found a certain species of what is called citron melon which grows wild in that section, and Allison in his maudlin condition mistook it for a water melon and made all kinds of frantic efforts to cut it open. That Citron could not have been opened with buzz saw.

A very entertaining story is told of Clay Allison in "The Sunset Trail", written by Alfred Henry Lewis, and all credit is due the writer of this book for the vivid and true-to-life way he puts things that happen-

ed in the "bad man" age. As we read his stories there is stirred in us the memories of those old scenes, and we feel the call to those wondrous, ever widening prairie lands and the weather beaten breaks of the creeks and the rim rocked canyons and the wash of the water holes. The average man who has ever been there certainly feels the twangs of his heart strings, which are tuned like the plaintive harp to play that good old familiar song, "I Am Coming".

After a summary of how one Bennington Du Pont, just from the east, with a character not to the liking of any red blooded sport of those days, who from the beginning was nick named by Cimmarron Bill, "Ground Owl", because as he said, "the rattle snakes don't kill 'em and no one knows wherefore", Lewis, the author, starts his story thus:

"The Ground Owl's address was the Wright House. It was at this hostlery he received his earliest glimpse of Mr. Allison, and organized those insult-born differences.

"Mr. Allison's country was Las Animas and the region round about. He had been over in the Panhandle, and was spurring homeward by way of Dodge. Having put his weary pony in the corral, he sought his own refreshment at the Wright House.

"Mr. Allison was celebrated for force of character, and the democratic frankness of his sixshooters. His entrance into Las Animas' social circles had been managed with effect. That was seven years before, and Mr. Hixenbaugh told this of Mr. Allison's debut.

"Which I was in the Sound Asleep Saloon," explained Mr. Hixenbaugh, "tryin' to fill a club flush, when the music of firearms floats over from across the street. I goes to the door on the lope, bein' curious as to who's hit, an thar on t'other side I observes a sport who's sufferin' from one of them deformities called a clubfoot, and who's got a gun in each hand. He's jest caught Bill Gatling in the knee, an' is bein' harassed at with sixshooters by Gene Watkins an' Len Woodruff, who's whangin' away at him from Crosby's door. I lands on the sidewalk in time to see him hive Gene with a bullet in the calf of his laig. Then Gene an' Bill an' Len, the first two bein' redooiced to cawl on hands an' knees by virchoo of them bullets, takes refooge in Crosby's, an' surveys this club-foot party a heap respectful from a winder. As I crosses over to extend congratyoolations, he w'irls on me.

"'Be you too a hostile?' he asks, domineerin' at me with his guns.

"'Hostile nothin'!' I replies; 'I'm simply comin' over in a sperit of admiration. What's the trouble?'

"'Stranger,' he says, 'that question is beyond me.

I've only been in your town four minutes, an' yet thar seems to be a kind o' prejewdyce ag'inst me in the minds of the ignorant few. But never mind,' he concluds; 'we're all cap'ble of mistakes. My name's Clay Allison, an' these folks'll know me better by an' by. When they do know me, an' have arrived at a complete understandin' of my pecooliarities, they'll walk 'round me like I was a swamp.' "

"Following this introduction, it would appear that Mr. Allison was taken into fellowship by Las Animas. The crippled foot and the consequent limp were lost sight of when he was in the saddle. When he was afoot they went verbally unnoticed, since it was his habit to use a Winchester for a crutch.

"After eight weeks in Las Annimas, Mr. Allison felt as much at home as though he had founded the town. Also, he became nervously sensitive over the public well-being, and, mounted on a milk-white pony, which he called his "wah hoss," rode into open court, and urged that convention of justice, then sitting, to adjourn. Mr. Allison made the point that a too persistent holding of court militated against a popular repose. Inasmuch as he accompanied his opinions with the crutch-Winchester aforesaid, their soundness was conceded by the presiding judge. The judge, as he ordered an adjournment, said that in the face of what practical arguments were presented by Mr. Allison he was driven to regard the whole theory of courts as at best but academic.

"Later, by two months, Mr. Allison was driven to slay the Las Animas marshal. In this adventure he again demonstrated the accurate workings of his mind. The marshal, just before he drifted into the infinite, had emptied the right barrel of a Greener 10-gauge into Mr. Allison's brother, John. A shotgun has two barrels, and the jury convoked in the premises, basing decision on that second barrel and arguing from all the circumstances that the late officer was gunning for the entire Allison family, gave a verdict of self-defence.

"Mr. Allison was honorably acquitted, and the acquittal much encouraged his belief in justice. It showed him too the tolerant spirit of Las Animas, and he displayed his appreciation thereof by engaging in that rugged Western pastime known as "Standing the Town on Its Head." Indeed, Mr. Allison made the bodily reversal of Las Animas a sacred duty to be performed twice a year; but since he invariably pitched upon Christmas and the Fourth of July for these pageantries, the public, so far from finding invidious fault, was inclined to join with him. In short, so much were Mr. Allison and Las Animas one in soul and sentiment, that the moment they had conquered the complete acquaintance of each other they—to employ a metaphor of the

farms—"fell together like a shock of oats." Mr. Allison was proud of Las Animas, while Las Animas looked upon Mr. Allison as the chief jewel in its crown.

"On the breath of admiration some waif-word of the hardy deeds of Mr. Allison would now and again be wafted down the river to Dodge. Envious ones, who hated Dodge and resented its high repute as "a camp that was never treed," had been even heard to prophesy that Mr. Allison would one day devote a leisure hour to subjecting Dodge to those processes of inversion which Las Animas had enjoyed, and leave its hitherto unconquered heels where its head should be. These insolent anticipations would wring the heart of Cimarron Bill.

" 'You can hock your spurs an' pony,' he was wont to respond, 'that if Clay ever shakes up Dodge, he'll shake it in the smoke.'"

"Mr. Masterson, when the threats of an Allison invasion were brought to his notice, would say nothing. He held it unbecoming his official character to resent a hypothesis, and base declarations of war on an assumption of what might be.

" 'It's bad policy,' quoth Mr. Masterson, 'to ford a river befor you reach it. It'll be time to settle what Dodge'll do with Clay, when Clay begins to do things to Dodge. He'll have to open a game, however, that no one's ever heard of, if Dodge don't get better than an even break.'"

" 'Shore!' coincided Cimarron Bill, confidently. 'The idee, because Clay can bluff 'round among them Las Animas tarrapins without gettin' called, that he can go dictatin' terms to Dodge, is eediotic! He'd be too dead to skin in about a minute! That's straight; he wouldn't last as long as a drink of whiskey!'

"The Ground Owl was alone in the breakfast room of the Wright House when Mr. Allison limped in. All men have their delicate side, and it was Mr. Allison's to regard the open wearing of one's iron-mongery as bad form. Wherefore, he was accustomed to hide the Colt's pistols wherewith his hips were decked, beneath the tails of a clerical black coat. Inasmuch as he had left the chutch-Winchester with his sombrero at the hat-rack, even an alarmist like the Ground Owl could discover nothing appalling in his exterior. The halting gait and the black coat made for a harmless impression that went far to unlock the derision of the Ground Owl. He treated himself to an evil grin as Mr. Allison limped to a seat opposite; but Mr. Allison didn't catch the malicious gleam of it, the grin got by unchallenged.

"It was a breakfast custom of the Wright House to provide doughnuts as a fashion of a side-dish whereat a boarder might nibble while awaiting the baking-

powder biscuit, "salt hoss," canned tomatoes, tinned potatoes, coffee and condensed milk that made up the lawful breakfast of the caravansary. Las Animas being devoid of doughnut example of the Ground Owl, he tasted that delicacy. The doughnut as an edible proved kindly to the palate of Mr. Allison, and upon experiment he desired more. The dish had been drawn over to the elbow of the Ground Owl, and was out of his reach. Perceiving this, Mr. Allison pointed with appealing finger.

"'Pard,' said Mr. Allison, politely, 'please pass them fried holes.'

"'Fried holes!' cried the Ground Owl, going off into derisive laughter. 'Fried holes! Say! you limp in your talk like you do in your walk! Fried holes!' and the Ground Owl again burst into uninstructed mirth.

"The Ground Owl's glee was frost-bitten in the bud. The frost that nipped it was induced by a Colt's pistol in the hand of Mr. Allison, the chilling muzzle not a foot from his scared face. The Ground Owl's veins ran ice; he choked and fell back in his helpless chair. Not less formidable than the Colt's pistol was the fury-twisted visage of Mr. Allison.

"Even in his terror the Ground Owl recalled the word of Mr. Masterson.

"'Don't shoot,' he squeaked. 'I'm unarmed!'

For one hideous moment Mr. Allison hesitated; it was in his mind to violate a precedent, and slaughter the gunless Ground Owl where he sat. But his instincts and his education made against it; he jammed his weapon back into its scabbard with the terse command:

"'Go heel yourse'f, you bull-snake! Dodge'll have you or me to plant!'

"The Ground Owl groped his frightened way to the door. A moment later he was burrowing deep beneath a stack of alfalfa hay in Mr. Trask's corral, and it would have been necessary to set fire to the hay to find him. Mr. Allison sat glaring, awaiting the Ground Owl's return—which he never doubted. He no longer wanted breakfast, he wanted blood.

"Dodge knew nothing of these ferocious doings—the insult, the flight of the Ground Owl, and the vicious waiting of Mr. Allison. The first news of it that reached Dodge was when Mr. Allison—rifle in its saddle-scabbard, six-shooters at his belt—came whooping and spurring, the sublimation of warlike defiance, into the town's main thoroughfare. He had saddled that bronco within twenty feet of the Ground Owl, shivering beneath the hay. The explosive monologue with which he had accompanied the saddling, and wherein he promised a host of bloody experiences to the Ground Owl, rendered that recreant as cold as a key and as limp as a rag.

"After a mad dash up and down the street, enlivened by divers war shouts, Mr. Allison pulled up in front of Mr. Webster's Alamo Saloon. Sitting in the saddle, he fiercely demanded the Ground Owl at the hands of the public, and threatened Dodge with extinction in case he was denied.

"Affairs stood thus when Jack turned Mr. Masterson out of his blankets. The soul of Jack was in arms. It would have broken his boy's heart had Mr. Allison flung forth his challenge in the open causeways of Dodge and departed, unaccommodated, unrebuked, to cheer Las Animas with a recount of his prowess.

" 'That's business!' exulted Jack, as the double cluck!" of Mr. Materson's buffalo gun broke charmingly upon his ear. 'Send daylight plumb through him! Don't let him go back to Las Animas with a yarn about how Dodge laid down to him!'

"It was the first impression of Mr. Masterson that Mr. Allison's purpose was to merely feed his self-love by a general definance of Dodge. He would ride and shout and shoot and disport himself unlawfully. In this he would demonstrate the prostrate sort of the Dodgeian nerve.

"Mr. Masterson was clear that this contumely must be checked. It would never do to let word drift into Texas that Dodge had wilted. Were that to occur, when the boys with the Autumn herds came in, never a mirror in town would survive; the very air would sing and buzz with contemptuous bullets. Mr. Masterson, from his window, came carefully down on Mr. Allison with the buffalo gun; he would reprove that fatuous egotist, whose conceit it was to fancy that he could stand up Dodge.

"Mr. Masterson would have instantly shot Mr. Allison from the saddle, but was withstood by a detail. Mr. Allison's sixshooters were still in his belt; his Winchester was still in its scabbard beneath his leg. These innocuous conditions constrained Mr. Masterson to pause; he must, according to the rule in such case made and provided, wait until a weapon was in the overt hand of Mr. Allison.

"Mr. Masterson could make neither head nor tail of what Mr. Allison was saying. For the most it was curse, and threat, coupled with pictures of what terrific punishments—to cure it of its pride—Mr. Allison would presently inflict upon Dodge. This being all, however, Mr. Masterson could do no more than wait—being at pains, meanwhile, to see the oratorical Mr. Allison through both sights of the buffalo gun. When Mr. Allison snatched a pistol from his belt, that would be Mr. Masterson's cue; he would then drill him for the good of Dodge and the instruction of Las Animas.

"Having the business wholly in hand, it was next the thought of Mr. Masterson to obviate interference. He turned to Jack:

" 'Skip out, and tell Kell and Short and Cimarron not to run in on Clay. Tell 'em I've got him covered and to keep away. If they closed in on him, they might blank my fire.'

"When Jack was gone, Mr. Masterson again settled to his aim, picking out a spot under the right shoulder of Mr. Allison wherein to plant the bullet.

" 'It's where I'd plug a buffalo bull,' ruminated Mr. Masterson, 'and it ought to do for Clay.'

"Mr. Allison maintained his verbal flow unchecked. He had elocutionary gifts, had Mr. Allison, and flaunted them. Mingling scorn with reproach, and casting defiance over all, he spake in unmeasured terms of Dodge and its inhabitants. But never once did he lay hand to gun; it was solely an exhibition of rhetoric.

"Mr. Masterson waxed weary. There were spaces when the mills of Mr. Allison's vituperation ran low; at such intervals Mr. Masterson would take the buffalo gun from his shoulder. Anon, Mr. Allison's choler would mount, his threats and maledictions against all things Dodgeian would soar. Thereupon, hope would relight its taper in the eye of Mr. Masterson; he would again cover Mr. Allison with his buffalo gun. Mr. Allison's energy would again dwindle, and the light of hope again sink low in the Masterson eye. The buffalo gun would be given another recess. First and last, by the later word of Mr. Masterson, Mr. Allison was covered and uncovered twenty times. It was exceedingly fatiguing to Mr. Masterton, who was losing respect for Mr. Allison, as one all talk and no shoot.

"While Mr. Allison vituperated, his glance roved up and down the street.

" 'What's the matter with him!' considered Mr. Masterson disgustedly. 'Why doesn't he throw himself loose!'

"Mr. Masterson's disgust became amazement when Mr. Allison turned in his saddle, and asked in tones wherein was more of complaint than challenge:

" 'Where's Bat Masterson? He's on the squar'! He won't let no cheap store clerk put it all over me, an' get away! Where's Bat?'

"As though seeking reply, Mr. Allison in a most pacific manner got down from the saddle, and limped away out of range into Mr. Webster's Alamo.

"Mr. Masterson pitched the buffalo gun into a corner, put on his more personal artillery, and repaired to the Alamo with the thought of investigating the phenomenon. In the Alamo he found Mr. Allison asking Mr. Webster—who looked a bit pale—to send for Mr. Mas-

terson.

" 'Have somebody round Bat up,' said Mr. Allison, peevishly. 'Which I want a talk with him about my injuries.'

" 'What's wrong, Clay?' asked Mr. Masterson—outwardly careless, inwardly as alert as a bobcat. 'What's gone wrong?'

" 'Is that you, Bat?' demanded Mr. Allison, facing around on his lame foot. 'Wherever have you been for the last half hour? I've hunted you all over camp.'

" 'Where have I been for a half hour? I've been seesawing on you with a Sharp's for the better part of it.'

" 'Is that so!' exclaimed Mr. Allison, while his face lighted up with a kind of pleased conviction. 'Thar. d'ye see now! While I was in that saddle I could feel I was covered every moment. It was the sperits tellin' me! They kept warnin' me that if I batted an eye or wagged a year I was a goner. It was shore one of them prov'dential hunches which is told of by gospel sharps in pra'r-meetin's.'

"Mr. Masterson's indignation was extreme when he had heard the story of Mr. Allison's ill usage. And at that, his anger rested upon the wrongs of Dodge rather than upon those of Mr. Allison.

" 'One may now see,' said Mr. Masterson, 'the hole into which good people can be put by a cowardly outcast of the Ground Owl type. That disgusting Ground Owl might have been the means of killing a dozen men. Here he turns in an' stirs Clay up; and then, when he's got him keyed to concert pitch, he sneaks away and hides, and leaves us with Clay on our hands!'

"Cimarron Bill came into the Almo; his brow turned dark with the scandal of those friendly relations between Mr. Masterson and Mr. Allison, which he saw and did not understand. Drawing aside, he stood moodily at the end of the bar, keeping a midnight eye the while on Mr. Allison, thirsting for an outbreak.

"Mr. Masterson approached him craftily—being diplomatic and having a mind to preserve the peace.

" 'There's something I want you to do, Cimarron,' said Mr. Masterson, easily. The other brightened. 'No, not that!' continued Mr. Masterson, intercepting a savage look which Cimarron bestowed upon Mr. Allison, 'not Clay.'

" 'Who then?' demanded Cimarron, greatly disappointed.

" 'The other one,' responded Mr. Masterson, 'Still I don't want you to overplay. You must use judgment, and while careful not to do too little, be equally careful not to do too much. This is the proposition: You are to go romancing 'round until you locate that miscreant

Ground Owl. Once located, you are to softly, yet sufficiently, bend a gun over his head.'

" 'Leave the Ground Owl to me,' said Cimarron Bill, his buoyant nature beginning to collect itself. As he went forth upon his mission, he tossed this assurance over his shoulder: 'You gents'll hear a dog howl poco tempo, an' when you do you can gamble me an' that Ground Owl clerk has crossed up with one another.'

" 'That,' observed Mr. Short, who arrived in time to hear the commission give Cimarron Bill, 'that's what I call getti' action both ways from the jack. You split out Cimarron from Clay here; an' at the same time arrange to stampede that malignant Ground Owl out o' camp. Which I always allowed you had a head for business, Bat.'

"Cimarron Bill was wrong. He did not cut the trail of the vermin Ground Owl—lying close beneath the alfalfa of Mr. Trask! Neither did any dog howl that day. But Dodge was victorious without. It was rid of the offensive Ground Owl; when the sun went down that craven one crept forth, and fled by cloak of night.

" 'Which it goes to show,' explained Cimarron Bill, judgmatically, when a week later he was recovered from the gloom into which Mr. Allison's escape had plunged him, 'which it goes to show that every cloud has a silver linin'. Clay saves himse'f; but that Ground Owl has to go. It's a stand-off. We lose on Clay; but we shore win on that Ground Owl man.' "

After considerable research for the facts and localities connected with Allison's numerous reported killings we are led to believe that his supposed record of twelve killings is somewhat exaggerated, and we now think, and can testify that he may have had as many as twelve or more fights, but it is quite doubtful if he killed a man every time he had a fight.

Men who are now living and who knew Allison well, relate, and their testimony shows that Allison was always well thought of, and was a man of considerable influence for the good things. Among such men is Levy Shick, now of Plainview, Tex., who says, "Allison was a fine man when sober, and a very intelligent man." He liked him very much and had no fear of him, but says, "Allison was by far the most fearless man on the plains and in that part of the country at any time in its history, barring none."

Clay Allison was born in Tennessee and commenced his early ranching in southern Colorado, near Animas. Soon he moved to the Washita and married there. It seems strange and almost unreasonable to know that a man of the disposition and type of Clay Allison, and knowing of the many chances he had of being killed in, what you might say, a fairly decent way, should at last,

and in his prime, succumb and come to the insignificant manner of his death that is vouched for by W. W. Owen who was one of his early partners in the cattle business, and has the facts at hand. The circumstances connected with his taking off was as follows:— Mr. Owens states that when Allison left his section he went to New Mexico, but what point he was not certain. He says that Allison wrote him frequently up to the time he was killed, and the way he came about being killed was: Allison became angry at a cow boy of his who, for some reason or another, had done something which he did not approve of, so he got his gun and started for the place where the cow boy was. On the road Allison stopped at the home of an old freighter friend and was pretty typsey. The freighter soon learned what Allison was up to, so he persuaded him to stop and eat dinner with him, thinking that he could in the meantime divert his mind from committing the homicide. The freighter's wagon was loaded and with the teams hitched on, and Allison soon became possessed of the idea that he must show the freighter that he, Allison, was the best driver of a freight team that ever cracked a whip over the horses. So he climbed up on the wagon, gathered the lines, gave a yip and yell or two, and started in to show how to do some fancy driving. The teams of course answered the yip, and the wagon struck a chuck hole and Allison fell off the tetering seat. He fell between the wheels of the wagon, and the rear wheel of the heavily loaded wagon ran over his back, breaking his back, and of course killing him.

The span of forty years has passed since we met Clay Allison, and since his unromantic death. After that time Dodge City, Caldwell, Tascosa, Mobettie, and other border towns, have washed the war paint off, the buffalo hunter has hung his big "Sharpe" on the pegs in the wall, the Indian and his squaw are fairly content on the reservation and the Cow Man has hid his 45. Now has come the railroad, the trolley, the automobile and all of the early denizens, who are now living, are not at all averse to hitting the old Sante Fe, Jones and Piummer trails in the newer and faster ways. The Red Skin, particularly, now looks disdainfully on the lowly cayuse as he enjoys his oil wealth in his Packard, and with his Piano Player and his Victrola—what an evolution.

It is a measure of some pride, pardon the boast, that we are the last, in this vicinity at least, now living, as we do, in a small industrious and thriving western Indiana town, who have had his little experiences and skirmishes with the Red Skins, who had his buffalo hunters friendships, who was acquainted with some of the bad men, and who was of the Cow Man type, on the broad plains of the Pan Handle, No Man's Land, and the

old Indian Territory. Now we have 'lit', and will stand without hitching until such time as we hit that long trail from which no 'Cow Punch' ever returns.

We are indebted to the courtesey of several men, who are still living and who were acquaintances and in some instances companions and partners of Clay Allison in the wild days, for a part of the facts and stories connected with Allison and his boisterous, dare-devil ways. It's been difficult to get at most of the history of this man for the reason, as one of the residents of what was Allison's old stamping grounds says, "There are many pertinent facts connected with the gathering of early day history. In the first place, if you can get an old timer to sit on the sunny side of a building on a comfortable day with an appreciative audience and a good cigar at your expense, you can get him to talk at considerable length about what a bull moose he was in the early days. But when you get him pinned down to lines you will probably discover that he is repeating second-hand stuff and it all happend in the next county. Again when you find a man who really knows, he will spin tales by the hours, not boastingly, but in a matter-of-fact, truthful way. This same man will not write three lines however, pertaining to such subjects." The consensus of opinion, as we get it from those who know and are now living, bears out a former statement that Clay Allison was the best known man in the real pioneer days in the Pan Handle country, especially in the neighborhood of that thriving town of Canadian, Tex. As one of his old time companions tells it, "He was a whale of a good fellow, and considerate of his fellow-men, but throw a drink or two into him and he was a hell hound turned loose, rearin' for a chance to shoot—in self defense." We are indebted to Messers Bussell, Aarington, Owens and the editor of The Canadian Record, Mr. L. P. Loomis, all of Canadian, and also to Mr. Shick of Amarillo, for the way they have "thawed out" and helped us in our feeble efforts to portray and describe the life of Clay Allison.

RECOLLECTIONS OF COLORADO, NEW MEXICO AND THE TEXAS PANHANDLE

Reminiscences of a 79er

I do not claim to have cut any figure or to have been necessary in any way to the development, history or advancement of the great West in the old days, but speaking in a measure of experiences we, my partners and I, have met many men and knew of many others, who were great characters and were essential in the carving of the Great Way; besides we were considerable travelers in a short space of time, ourselves. We have, all of us, camped on the head waters of the Red River, the Arkansas and the Rio Grand. We followed these wonderful rivers from their source to almost their joining of the great water ways. We have seen the rise and fall of many of the so called "end of the railroad town," along the right of way of the old pioneer, the Sante Fe railroad, where Brown, Manzaners & Co, the great merchant princes would build and then move onto the next end of the railroad. We have seen this real developer, the Sante Fe, string its first ties along and upon the virgin soil, and we have noticed the old time Cow Man, who was possibly a galvanized greaser, which means a white man who has married a Mexican woman, come down to the "cars" with a look of resentment, and growl about tresspassing on the cattle man's domain. We have heard the screech of the Ingin' in no-man's-land which would send the coyote scooting back to the foot hills, and have at last seen the cattle man considerably pacified, and the coyote, the wild cat and the antelope, stand curious while the trains pass. We have driven cattle over the old Sante Fe and the old Jones and Plummers Trails, where great furrows and ridges were worn by the cattle, for several rods across the trail and where the red dust and the alkali white would almost choke the fellows who had to keep up the drags, in a cattle herd on the trail.

We have seen Alamosa as an "end of the railroad town" when it was a better town than it is today, where the Bull Whacker and the Mule Skinner and the Cow Puncher and the Miner were all boon companions while they were taking a little recreation by playing those wiley, ensnaring and fascinating games of Stud Poker, Roulette, etc. and where the winsome Senorita Baca would twang her guitar and sing her love songs.

In those days the boys knew nothing of that home brew, the mild and insipid Raisin or Prune Whiskey, which is so common now. They always required something that would bite and scratch as it went down, just

like barbed wire—no Sundaes or soft drinks went then. We have known Tom Tobin, who ended his days in the willows on the Trinchera Creek, in the San Luis Valley, who was a famous scout and a partner and boon companion of the great Kit Carson. When the famous correspondent, William E. Curtis, was traveling over the U. S., some ten or fifteen years ago, stopping at different places long enough to write up local history, he related the following story connected with the life of Tom Tobin and Kit Carson. He said that in an early day some prominent Mexican had gone loco and was killing many people, he became such a desperate outlaw that the provisional governor decided to offer a reward for his head. Tobin and Carson started out with their guns and a gunny sack. After many days of scouting they got on his trail and finally arrived with the drop and killed him. They chopped off his head, placed it in the gunny sack and took it to the city of Sante Fe and claimed the reward—that would be considered now days a matter of high finance.

We worked on the Dickey Bros. Cattle Ranch in the San Luis Valley, with young Kit Carson, son of the celebrated scout. He wasn't much for looks or intellect as he was of the half breed type. Afterwards we learned that he was killed or committed suicide. He did not cut half the figure his father did, simply because he was only a half breed.

The Dicky Brothers were extensive cattle owners of that day, having herds in the Indian Territory, Montana and Colorado. One of the best friends that we ever had, east or west, Charles Plowman, was the foreman of the herd in the Territory at a time when it took nerves of steel and a man of iron will to handle the Indian situation. He could do this because he was a diplomat, square and fearless. When we first joined the Dickey forces, in Col., there was a man by the name of Wild Bill—not the Hickok Wild Bill. I really never knew his correct name, but at that time he was cooking for the outfit, afterwards becoming the foreman of the Montana herd, he did not fancy the culinary department, and asked me to take his place. I consented as I had had my fill of stacking hay, so I undertook the task of cooking for about fifteen or twenty of the most hecklin', complainin' and critical bunch of husky Cow Punchers and Hay Restlers that was ever unloaded on a pilgrim cook. But with all that handicap I became famous as a cook, pardon the thought. My famous piece de resistance was what is known in the east as, the lowly and despised dried apple pie. I used a peculiar and fetchy way in baking this pie. For instance I would heap up great gobs of apples for the filling and over the top I would place some fantastic

stripes of dough, with cunning little designs thereon, and then on the rind I would affix emblamatical little cupids, and then I would throw a God's quantity of sugar inside. This was done so that if any one had a sweet tooth they would have no difficulty in downing it. This pie became so famous that the Mexicans would ride for many miles to the ranch and inquire of me if I had "any pies este dios Senor." They just loved those artful and wonderful pies, and they thought so well of me as a chef that they got to calling me "Compadre." That must have had some deifical significance, as no doubt the Virgin Mary was a good cook also.

We have stopped at the old hotel in Alamosa, when McClelland ran it, in '78, and happened to have a room directly over the bar room. At times the playful Cow Punchers could not resist the temptation to shoot up through the ceiling of said bar room and we would be thinking of our happy home in ol' Indiana, while prayerfully sitting astride of the heating stove dodging the bullets.

Our old beloved editor friend, Al Peacock, took advantage of us one evening and succeeded in having us give him, unconsciously on our part, an interview covering a small part of our lives in the San Luis Valley. The same was published in his paper and the following is a copy:

"A congenial party were gathered on an inviting lawn, on Monday evening, cooling off from the day's perspiration and giving bits of experiences that wore off the effect of the heated hours of business. The desultory talk switched around to the Attica emigration to the San Luis valley in Colorado, to the number of people that had followed the leadership of "Dad" Ahrens. "That's a great climate," said O. S. Clark, as he tilted his chair and relighted his cigar—an indication that the man of few words was going to open up and tell something worth hearing. "I was there twenty-nine years ago when the San Luis valley had nothing but cattle and cowboys and a climate that, in a measure, made up for its lonesomeness. Monte Vista, and Center, and Pagosa Springs, and LaJara, and Sagauche, were unheard of and the only town in the valley was Alamosa, which was the end of the railroad. Charles Shideler and I herded cattle all over that valley. Never knew we were cow-punchers? Why, we were in the 'perfesh' six or eight years in that valley and in the Texas Panhandle, long enough to get past the degree of 'tender-foot' and to be recognized as members in good standing of the order of Quick Trigger Cowboys. I remember our farewell to SanLuis valley as though it were yesterday. Charley and I had concluded that the pot of gold was in the Panhandle and we sold our cattle and

started for the fortune. We concluded to say good-bye after a roundup of the sights at Alamosa, which was then a typical western town. The place was overcrowded with cowboys who had come in for their weekly revelry and Charley and I were perfectly contented in beds constructed in a livery stable stall. We had expected to put in a few days recreating. We put in one night and on the following morning we went down inside of our leather belts, hauled out our cash and counted it. We had spent \$50 in one night in seeing just a few of the minor sights. Neither of us said a word; as each made for his horse and threw on the saddle. Words were useless at such a time. The leather pouch silently told of our finish if we remained in that rapid town. It was no place for us.

" 'Charley was to go out of the way to see about the purchase of some calves and it was agreed that I should take the pack horse and go down the trail, to meet in the canon, thirty or forty miles away. I met with a mishap in packing and had to remain another night in Alamosa. I secured a room in a log hotel and retired early, to keep away from the 'sights' that ate up money like an electric sausage-grinder chews meat. All went well until the cowboy gang opened up business in the bar room, which was directly under where I was trying to sleep. The shooting in that bar room began at 10 o'clock and continued, with intervals of rest, until 4 o'clock the following morning. I knew that when the cowboys shot just to let the natives know they were in town their aim was usually at the chandeliers and the ceiling, so you can imagine how comfortable I felt. I perched on the headboard of the bed, then climbed on the washstand, then rolled the bed to the farthest corner, expecting every minute to have my body as full of holes as a sieve. The cowboys were not the only busy people that night. I was just as busy dodging imaginary bullets as they were in firing real ones. The next morning I started down the canon and had gone about twenty miles when the pack-horse got to bucking because the bundles were chafing him. When he got through, the trail for miles was strewn with clothes, and grub and cooking utensils. I was so discouraged that I left the animal and proceeded without the outfit. Shortly after midnight my pony was picking his way along the mountain side when I heard the click of a rifle. I stopped and a short distance ahead I saw the outline of a man crawling towards me with a rifle in front of him. 'Don't shoot!' I yelled. 'Halt then, and tell your business,' came back the reply. And by this time he had advanced until I could look into the barrel of his gun. 'Take that gun down, please,' I pleaded, 'I've lost my way—that's all.' He came up and looked

me over, like I was a prize hog at a county fair, and concluded to let me pass. He was a sentinel watching for cattle thieves who had committed many depredations in the valley, and I firmly believe that if I had not spoken first he would have fired on me, for little warning was ever given night marauders.

"I know of no recreation that would give me so much pleasure as to spend a month in San Luis valley, every inch of which I knew when a boy and none of which I have seen since the memorable trip out of Alamosa and away from the cowboys' guns. It is all changed now, of course, but I think I can find some spots where danger lurked and where the woolly way of doing things were so impressed upon my memory as to never be effaced. Charley and I are going to renew our youth in the San Luis valley next year and it will be the greatest trip of our lives. Gee whiz! It's 11 o'clock. Good-night." And the mild-mannered ex-cow puncher departed, while the host gathered up half a box of burned matches that had been used in keeping the cigar going while the interesting narrative was being given."

We have borrowed baking powder from George Adams at his ranch north of the Star Ranch in the San Luis valley. Adams was one of the first men to take up the fancy breeding of pure Herefords in the west, and who has since built a hotel and I think a theater under his name in the city of Denver, Colo.

I have stood up, straight too, in front of a big Winchester rifle, with a barrel twenty feet long, at least it looked that long, with a determined man, a keen eye, and a nervous trigger finger behind it—and its a funny feeling too. You don't know whether to biubber or bluff. In this case my hands went up faster than an air plane, and I bellowed lustily "not to shoot." After explaining and re-explaining and explaining again that I was lost and was peaceably inclined and only hunting Ute Creek they released the tension somewhat by allowing me to depart. After I got some little ways away from that troublesome and irritating scene I noticed that my boots were almost full of cold sweat so that I had to take them off and empty them. This distressing and horribly unfortunate misunderstanding took place at the Government Corral, connected with old Fort Garland—they were expecting horse thieves that eve and I suppose that I looked the part.

Among some of the big characters that my partner has met was John Chizum, of the Pecos country. My partner has told me that in meeting this man he always made you feel as if you were his long lost brother. He was said to have been one of the most enterprizing and thrifty cow men of his time. He also had the born instincts in all of the angles and twists of that business.

I remember some ten or fifteen years ago to have read in the Saturday Evening Post, an article written by some one who was describing the instincts of certain men, and as an illustration of how some men worked out their instincts to practical uses, related the following story—a true one, he claimed, of John's prowess: "It was in the fall of the year when the round-ups were gathering the beef cattle and grazing them along the trail towards the loading stations to be shipped to market. One of John's beef herds, composed of 1000 head of those clean limbed, wild-eyed, long-horned steers, ready for a fight or a run, started off with one of his best outfits. After they had been out two or three days the herd became very nervous, scary and jumpy and would stampede every night, and after the foreman, his horses and men became worn out the boss sent one of the boys back to the ranch to report the condition of things and to request that John come out to the herd. John cranked up his one cylindered Bu(i)ck Board and hitched a couple of buck skin cayuses to it, and away he went across the plains, jumping the arroyos and hitting the hills in the high places. When he reached the herd in the evening he told them to bed the cattle down and directed the horse wrangler to bring in some horses. He saddled one and called for the foreman to follow. They rode around the herd, through it and across it. Nothing looked wrong. Finally John stopped in front of a steer and looked him in the eye. He seemed to have a suspicious look to John and seemed to assume the attitude that he was a perfectly innocent and law abiding steer, and was playin' as though he hadn't done nothin'. John rode around him and again faced the steer and caught his eye and at once decided that that steer was not the quiet and peaceful individual that he pretended to be. He then called his foreman and said to him, "Get that steer up and run him out of the herd and keep him out." This was done and the rest of the drive was made in peace. John's instinct was too much for a troublesome, trouble-making, long-horned steer."

We concluded to sell the modest herd of cattle we owned in the San Luis valley and go to the Pan Handle of Texas, where we could flop our wings and have a little more room. Having done so, I took two of our best horses and started alone for that, the best cattle country that was known at that time. I was fool-hardy to undertake such a trip, but as they say it takes a fool for luck, I was fortunate enough not to be molested or detained, although I went through some places where they might have taken my horses away from me, called me a horse thief and strung me up to a large, tall and always handy cottonwood. I went through

Costilla Pass and along the Vermejo River. Both sections looked particularly menacing. I followed the Cimmaron river where it was out of its banks and was overflowing nearly all the country tributary to it. Dead cattle and horses were floating in it and drinking water was mighty scarce. I had nothing much to eat for two or three days, but had plenty of cigarettes to smoke. After leaving the Cimmaron my horses and I were pretty lonesome but grateful that we had not come into contact with Billie the Kid, who at that time was shooting everything up in New Mexico. When we left the breaks of the Cimmaron and struck east across the ^{stated} plains we met with many deceptive mirages, making us believe that we were about to meet a horseman or some outfit perhaps, and making us see beautiful cities and wonderful castles, and magnificent bodies of water, lakes and rivers. This latter delusion was particularly distressing because water in the reality was very scarce. It would be forty or fifty miles from one water hole to another. We of course did not have many comforts at night, but with all that there was one mitigating circumstance and that was the fact that there were no tiresome people around to keep us awake. We finally reached the mesa and from there the breaks of the Palo Duro without any serious mishaps, but considerably gaunted.

We located our modest dobe shack at that time 165 miles from the railroad or Dodge City, in what is known as Hansford county, about thirty or forty miles south of what was called the Rifle Pits—so called from the fact that in the Indian war of '74 and '75 the soldiers made a stand at this place and dug-in. We were about fifty mile from Tascosa, where it was a poor Saturday if some cow puncher or bad man was not killed. We were also about twenty-five miles from the Adobe Walls where the famous Indian battle of '74 was fought and about the same distance from the battlefield of Buffalo Wallow where Billie Dixon saved the day. During that year and a year previously the Indian outbreak was so acute and serious that it was apparent that it would be impossible for the soldiers to handle it alone so it was decided to enlist the services of the cow men and buffalo hunters. I think the leadership was in some cattle man's hands. They organized and broke for the Adobe Walls where they made a stand and were immediately besieged by the Red Skins. When the Indians had surrounded the fort they tried every way to get a foothold but the boys waited their opportunity and with plenty of cannon and rifles gave them several broadsides. It was said that they literally piled them up like cord-wood. This battle stopped any further uprisings.

X

Our ranch was known in the buffalo times as the Newell Ranch or Place and was not of the ordinary kind. For instance the house was not of the dug-out variety but was built with fanciful and fantastic designs in mud and with a window and a perfectly tight dirt roof. It was truly well arranged and had all of the conveniences of the modern bungalow. For example we had the flour bin under the parlor table, so that we could easily unscramble the harness and saddles when we required flour to bake a batch of bread. What few horse hairs and pieces of saddle blankets that happened to remain in the flour did not affect the appetites of the fellows when the "pan" (bread) was taken from the dutch oven and reached the table. We were very proud of, and in fact were the only ones on the creek who could afford to have a carpet. It was composed of gunny sacks laid on the dirt floor and of varying layers. When the layers got too thick it was the duty of the boss housekeeper to peel off the top layer, take it to the prairie and shake out the "dust of ages." Our plumbing and water system was the talk of the country. We did not belong to that improvident class who were compelled and seemed to be contented to drink from the odorous water hole. We had a well and a pump with a handle and a spout and the water would splash on the ground from the spout just like it would on the prairies of Indiana. It's true enough the water was so alkali that one's stomach would double up so that you would expect your belly band to split any time of the day or night.

Most of the resident houses were of the dug-out type, and we want to say some of them were truly works of design. They had the advantage, if modesty and retirement was intended and desired, in not being seen, as usually they were built in side a steep bank, close to a water hole, there was difficulty in even discovering the entrance. Paddy O'Neil, a neighbor, had things so near at hand that he could sleep with his feet in the fire place and his head in the flour bag.

We have known all of the cattle men of those times, in that section—Doc Day on Wolf Creek, Col. Slaughter on Coldwater, Charles Goodnight on the Canadian river, Col. Littlefield, Jack Hardesty, Clay Allison, and many of the Buffalo Hunters and Wild Horse Stalkers. Among the Buffalo Hunters were the Cator brothers, just over from England and good sports. Their ranch was just above us on the Palo Duro. One of the bright and relieving experiences during the winter on that classic stream was the Christmas box sent from ol' Indiana, from whence everything in the food line has that peculiar and familiar caste that all Hoosiers appreciate. This box was filled to the brim with those wonderful fruit cakes, those splendid jars of jam, and those big

cans of marmalade, which Aunt Cordelia (Charley's mother) and my mother knew, by their mother's love and instinct would just please the "boys out yonder." After the arrival of said box there was a general invitation extended to all of the friends on the creek. Among the guests on that beautiful Christmas celebration were the Cator boys, Bob and Jim, and their sister—the sister was the only woman in that country outside of the Canadian country and she sure did have a good time all the time, as the cow punchers would ride for many miles in order to make their calls and win a little feminine favor. She became a proficient horse woman and she and her "Pinto Caballo" were familiar sights up and down the Palo Duro creek country.

We had occasion to go into Dodge and it happened that a rig drove up to the ranch one day and it proved to be a buck board to which was hitched a team of mules and was in charge of two of Col. Littlefield's Cow Punchers. They, also, were bound for Dodge. They invited me to join them. I did so and we all piled in and headed north. On our last stage before we reached Dodge we camped on Mulberry creek. This place was always considered the last drive on the trail and it was a magnificent cattle park, where all herds were held for a few days in order to condition them, "slick them up a little," and gentle them preparatory to entraining them for the great Metropolis.

We of course turned our mules loose that night, expecting that good mules like they were supposed to be would stay close to camp, but in the morning they were gone, and the next day they were gone and the day following they were gone and finally we abandoned the search and the camp and caught a ride into Dodge. I have often wondered whether or not the Col. ever got his mules.

The most amusing and the man that could furnish more good stories than all of the cattle men was Jack Hardesty. After forty years I call to mind the following: Jack had a cook on one of the round-ups whose ways of cooking did not suit the epicurean tastes of Jack, besides he despised him on general principles. Realizing that he could not lick him himself he hired one of the biggest Cow punchers he had to undertake the job. The arrangements were made and opportunity was only wanting. One day at dinner while the cook was stooped over fixing the Dutch Oven full of dough the hired fighter came into camp and walked up to the Dutch Oven and kicked it over, and said, "What the H—— you got there." The cook raised up with his trusty club, which he always seemed to have near, and said, "Bread you cayote," and then and there knocked him down. As Jack edged up to see the outcome of the fight the cook

pulled his gun and ran Jack behind a big cottonwood tree. After that the vituals seemed unusually good to Jackie, and he just loved the chef.

We have seen the killing, or rather the slaughter, of the last herd of buffalo that was ever in the Pan Handle of Texas. This occured at the crossing of the Cimmaron river, in No Man's Land, where we stayed all night at a "stopping place" run by Rob Ray and a man by the name of Crawford, who had a part of his feet frozen off—both expert hunters; where the squirrel whiskey would make you pitch some, and the sow belly would sear your throat as it went down, and the bread would sour a swill barrel, and where the imbibitory cow boys would assemble, and gargle a few slugs from that old bottle behind the bar, the contents and composition of which no man knew whereof he drank, but could plainly see on the lable "Old Jordan," consequently it was all right, and where he would play a little stud poker, and then as a parting night cap would hilariously shoot out the lights and depart, leaving the ever ringing yip as a parting memory. In the early morning they called to us that there was a herd of buffalo off some four or five miles and to follow them, not too close. They soon got within range and opened-up with ther big guns, killing eleven full grown buffalo. We skinned them, stretched the hides and Ray took the meat to Dodge and sold it.

We have seen Dodge City when everything was wide open and the boys were allowed as many guns on their persons as they thought they needed. And, we have been there after the authorities would disarm the boys when they got within the city limits, and it seemed to an observing man that the killings did not seem to diminish much, as you know if a cow man makes up his mind to "get his man" there is no stopping him. I have visited Boot Hill, a cemetery at the edge of the city, where there were twenty-six men buried with their boots on, and no one knew just how many were buried there with their boots off. We have been in the city when it was no uncommon sight in the early morning twilight to see two or three "undesirables" strung along the girders of the old wooden bridge across the Arkansas River. We have seen the Red Star Dance House shine for an indefinite period. We have been present when some big, lumbering gambler would get "his all", and some of the "swops" would drag the body out to the side walk and then go "on with the dance," and let "joy be unconfined."

We have been in Dodge when the great Earps, Bat Masterson, Doc Holliday and many other boisterous characters held forth, and at times would either clear the muddy waters or rile same. We have been at Keley's Place, on Whiskey Row, where he had a big

Cinnamon Bear chained to a post in front of his saloon, and I have seen the boys buy the beer in order to have the bear sit on his haunches, drink from a bottle, and act and behave just like any other human being would by getting tipsey and quarrelsome.

If the reader should care to be familiar with or would be at all interested in some of the carrying ons, as pulled off at Dodge in the halcyon days, I would recommend that they read the "Log Of A Cow Boy," by Andy Adams, the "Sunset Trails," by Alfred Henry Lewis, which is a truthful and fascinating portrayal of the old days on the trail, the local times and in towns like Dodge, Caldwell and other cow towns. *Jack R.*

Our experiences with the cattle rustlers:—

Somewhere in New Mexico the trail led into a most beautiful vega, where the green grass was still virgin and uncropped. The cattle being skin poor, it was impossible to drive them through it without their continually stopping to feed, so we decided to turn them loose and let them fill up. The boys all went under the mess wagon for a little sleep and I went on the wagon to keep an eye on the scattering herd. We had all of us composed ourselves and were taking things easy and having dreams and inspirations of happier days, when I noticed a tiny speck of a dust cloud approaching. When it had arrived it surrounded an old crippled wagon, hitched to two pinto cayuses, with an angry, red faced, galvanized greaser in the front seat. He was promiscuously, and unreliably, and nervously pointing a big Winchester in my direction. He shouted, in what I thought was a very commanding and audacious voice, "Get off my land." Being in favor of the League of Nations, and of a neutral disposition, I, of course, endeavored to calm him with some soft voiced explanations, but he became quite unruly and so boisterous that one of the boys (Charley Shideler) was aroused, and crawling from under the wagon, he arose, half asleep, with a gun in each hand, and shouted, "Get out of here you d——, trifling greaser." He got, going down the vega, with his gun rattling in the front end of the wagon, his hat off and larroping the caballos with an old black snake. We at once realized that we too had better "pull our freight", and had best hit the trail again.

After a hard drive the balance of the afternoon we reached a very rough country through which the trail led, and being late in selecting a camp site, we drove until almost dark. While the cattle were strung out we noticed a slight commotion in a part of the herd and upon investigating we found that five or six of them were missing. We figured that some fellow, with help, had slipped into the herd and cut out five or six head

and the same had completely disappeared. We could do nothing that night in a strange country, so we held up the herd the next day and rode the country in every direction, but we could not even get a trail on them. The cattle rustler was running true to form, and our "humbre" of the vegas was richer by five or six steers.

A little recreation in Las Vegas, New Mex:—

After our purchase of cattle on the Trimintena, and we had started them on the trail, a couple of the boys could not resist the temptation of going into Vegas for the last and best highball, etc. The rest of us took the herd on, with their agreement to come out to the herd sometime during the night. As was the custom, they were disarmed by the authorities as they entered the city limits of that chaste and at that time supposed to be, docile city. The boys found what liquor they thought they could hide and about midnight called for their horses and their guns. They mounted and hit the main street on the run. In passing the hotel Joe's hat blew off and one of the guests of the hotel seeing it on the ground decided to curry a little favor with a real cow boy, and started to pick it up and present it to the rider. Joe sized him up quickly and saw at once that he was evidently a dude and a choice specimen of the tender-foot class. Joe yelled, "Lay off the hat you d——, soft boiled tender-foot." He, the dude, with trembling legs and some active footracing, ran up on the steps of the hotel and Joe, who was of the bon ton when it came to riding, started away back of the hat and put the spurs to his horse and came down the street like a whirlwind. When near the hat he dropped and picked it up on the full run. Charley and Joe then put the spurs to their horses and made a run out of town, shooting and yelling. They finally reached the herd and succeeded in creating a small stampede with the cattle, but finally lit and retired. We stood double guard that night, and had not participated in any of the frolics either. *Lawson #2*

A description of a wild and unusual scene some miles from Buffalo Gap:—

The trail, somewhere in the Pan Handle had been leading up a very slight and almost imperceptible incline for some days and in the darkening twilight we reached the line where the circling horizon touched the pale blue skyline. We tipped over the edge. LOOK! Our eyes met the vista of thousands and tens of thousands of leagues—an empire, a world, primitive and wild, untouched by man, except the Indian and the buffalo hunter. This magnificent and awfully huge panorama and moving picture was shaped and had the resemblance and appearance of a world-sized saucer. The colorings started from the outer rim, resembling the

lighter shades of green and darkening to the center, where there was reposing a tiny, bright, dazzling and shimmering lake. We started down quickly and reaching the edge soon, we noticed the water completely covered with wild geese and ducks, so thick it was impossible to even throw a stone in the water without hitting one. On the other side of the water was a band of Antelope, twenty-five or thirty, who had evidently just come in for water. Our larder was empty. One of the boys, claiming to be the best shot, took the Winchester and fired. He knocked one down, but looking around in astonishment he said, "H——, I did not shoot at that one." We as friends did not care so much for the one he shot at, but were more interested in the one he had hit. More pictures were to come. Away off in the gloaming there appeared a band of wild horses, led by a big, black, majestic stallion, and breaking in a wild drive for the outer edge of this huge saucer, LOOK AGAIN! In the opposite direction in the scintillating, western light, silhouetted against the shimmering sun waves, appears a good sized herd of buffalo, led by the bull who is preparing to give the signal for the ineffable stampede. They too are off and away. Now comes the bands of range cattle, in herds of tens and hundreds, seeking, apparently, to tame and temper this primeval scene. They too, get the signal, and with a snort are off to other pastures, where man may not disturb and throw the fears of capture into them. This scene, taken as a whole, certainly was as wild as one could wish and needed but the Indian and the buffalo hunter to take their places in the flys and thus complete the stage setting.

We made the first run to the first opening in Oklahoma in April 1889. We arrived on the line at three o'clock in the morning at a squaw man's place, expecting to make the run in our own wagons. We immediately discovered that the other fellows had race horses and cow ponies. We cut our horses out of the harness and at noon when the soldiers fired the signal to run, we pulled out bare backed. It's thirty years since, and I am just beginning to get over the effects of that ride. It was weeks before I could eat off a table. We rode for the town site of Kingfisher. The lots we got were left for safe keeping in the hands of a good and true Knights of Pythias brother, who was to keep all "jumpers" off. We had not reached the city limits, which was on the first day a place of 3000 inhabitants, until our brother had jumped them. We redeemed them and again left them in charge of a good honest man, and they were jumped by the custodian. We realized that it would keep us on the road too long to chase the jumpers off so we sold our equity. I presume today

those lots have elegant sky-scrapers built on them.

Finally on another trip to the San Luis valley my partner and I decided to go a little further west for a location. We crossed the mountains and stopped at and around Durango. It was arranged there, however, that he should go still further west toward the setting sun, as he expressed it, the older countries seemed to be getting more crowded all the time and the new civilization was cramping and disturbing to an old cow man veteran. He went into Utah, and I and one of the other boys faced about, left Durango and back-tracked towards Alamosa. As we passed through Pagosa Springs, a most wonderful and unusual hot water resort, there was brought into town a man who had just been killed by a bear. It was surprising to us, that as soon as we reached the outskirts of the town, how many bear tracks we could see and all fresh too. After traveling a day or two along a most beautiful tumbling and turbulent mountain stream, where the bright spotted trout would flip their tails at you and say "ta ta", and the hills were completely covered by cedars and pines, from which the green never comes off, summer or winter, and the grass sparkled and shown through the early morning sun and frost. We came to an open park studded here and there with big pines, and shortly we heard a great bombardment of shooting and as we got closer we realized that we were within the target line of some two or three hundred Indians, to whom Uncle Sam had just issued a lot of new rifles, and child like the Indians had to immediately try them out in our presence, and proximity in order to see just how close they could come to hitting us without actually puncturing our hides.

Fortunately we dodged all of the bullets that came our way, but as we undertook to cut their acquaintance and get out of their careless and unprecautious endeavors, all at once, in squads of twenty-five or thirty they came pounding down the hard road, with one big buck, who had a face like a buffalo bull and a voice like a seven year old bull frog, in the lead, shouting, what sounded to us like, "show up your ponies." That demand took the most of the heart beats away from me, as I thought they were going to take our horses from us and set us afoot, but my companion, Joe Shock, an old timer who could swear forty proof and then some, lit into them and after considerable of a row we discovered that they really meant "swap your ponies" instead of the first expression. As we were not, just at that moment keen or capable of doing ourself justice in a horse trade, we planned to get away in as becoming a manner as possible, and noticing that some of them had venision tied on behind them, we conceived the notion that we

must at once buy some meat. We purchased a good sized saddle of deer and did not haggle over the price either. We departed in what seemed to us a calm, casual and becoming manner, expecting any time to change our attitude, and our pretended unconcern to one of ~~the~~ precipitousness and make a run for it.

my brother
He afterwards returned to Colorado on the White river. He has stayed with his trade ever since and gotten rich. I came east and have been making a living ever since selling a little money through the grill of a bank window. About every two years he sends me a little sprig of sage brush from Rifle, Colo., and by the way this Rifle town has a Winchester Hotel, and I presume that it is in Cannon county, I know there are lots of "Colts" there because it is somewhat of a horse country; and I quietly sneak my grip from under the bed and go to him. I arrange to arrive about the time they pull off their annual rodeo, which is Apple Pie Day. They of course have the wild horse riding, the Broncho Bustin', the ropin' and the racin', but to an old timer the riding and the roping does not seem to be as good as in the old days. It may be however, that the horses are not so wild and the cattle not so peppy as they were forty years back.

In closing we feel that the relating of a little story which was an actual occurrence will be appropriate and will describe fittingly the feelings of one who, at least should think of the hereafter that is to come. The story happened not so long ago, and in our town, and shows the quick and sparkling wit of the true Irish lad. One of the older citizens had been ill for a number of weeks and a good many inquiries had been made of Pat, who lived across the street from the sick man, as to the state of the sick man's health. Finally on the fateful day one of the town's people was passing Pat's house and as usual asked Pat how Frank was, he replied, "Be God I think he is worse, I see the undertaker there."

The time will come soon when we will reach that awful "worse" stage, and we can no longer hear the clarion call of the wild west, and can no longer carry the memory of the familiar scenes, and we will have to leave to the younger generation the thoughts of our early associations, our experiences and skirmishes with the Red Skins, our friendships with buffalo hunters, our acquaintance with the bad men, and our love for the Cow Man. May our genealogy please, be as devoted as we have been, and keep green these thoughts and memories, is the wish of a tottering father and grandfather.

Finally with all of the experiences that I have had, and all of the information that I have gained, and the pleasure of meeting and associating with these old

rugged, true and tested Plain's People, I have no regrets, but I do have an unmistakable longing for the great wide ways and the wild days, and at times I feel that I must satisfy that western streak that is in me and take my horse and go to those broad open prairies and mesas, and in the even tide when the Night Star comes up over the horizon and the gentle breeze waves the big headed gramma grass, then I must make down my bed with my saddle blankets and with no one in my presence but my horse and my God, sleep the just sleep of peace and contentment, and then when the Morning Star breaks over the divide and the old battle scarred prairie dog sentinel shall commence his discordant signal barking, and the whirring owl shall go to his rest and the deadly rattle snake shall take his morning siesta, then I will have had my little satisfying outing and be prepared to return to the true and more civilized ways again.

With a never forgetful admiration for all of the experiences that I have had and with an everlasting feeling of awe and reverence, as I go down the Mountain Slope, I still revere those long, wide, billowy prairies, and may they roll on to times eternity. Here's to those grand old snow capped, timber lined castles and battlements. May their magnificence never fade, and finally here's to that old seared Cow Man, when he shall have reached that which is richer than riches and more precious than jasper and feldspar, and when he shall take that long trail from which no Cow Man ever returns, and he shall reach the end of his journey, and he shall meet his maker and his God, and he shall say to Him, "Here I am, with all my faults and sins, take me and I pray thee give me Mercy, Peace, Comfort."

INSERT NO. 2, PAGE 34

Has the reader ever had the extreme pleasure and serene satisfaction of driving and working with a bull-headed, strong-minded team of oxen? If your say no, please do not endanger any religious sentiment that you may have by learning the art of whacking bulls—we have had our little experience and know when we have enough.

Somewhere in the Apache country of New Mexico, while on the trail with a herd of cattle, we were short of horses and bought a couple of Mushaways to be driven to the mess wagon, which would release a couple of saddle ponies of which we were badly in need.

At once the other boys decided that I, being of a patient and unruffled disposition, should be chief chariot driver and the grandiose bull whacker, and I accepted the job with a full understanding with myself as to just how I was going to do it.

I had observed that in order to get full duty and efficiency out of an ox team you had to "treat 'em rough". After a day or two I noticed Sam, one of my partners, was inclined to be a little cynical, and he commenced to criticise the manner and mode of my handling the bulls, intimating that my policy of rough treatment was inhuman and brutal.

On that particular day, as usual, we turned the herd loose and unhitched the oxen, while the noon day lunch was preparing. After dinner Sam made the announcement he would drive the oxen and that Charley and I could take the herd, remarking he would certainly show us how "by treating 'em kind," and using gentle persuasion instead of clubs and the long handled whip, bulls like they were could be taught to lie down and get up just like a trained dog. Charley and I rounded up the herd and started them on the trail, glancing back once in a while. We could hear some soft chattering and persuasions as he confidently placed the yoke on his shoulders and called to Mushaway and Buck to get under. They hesitated as they noticed a strange driver. Finally, Presto, and they are yoked. Now comes the artful science of hitching the team to the wagon tongue. Sam drives them up to the wagon with gentle caution and some fear—they break way—again he almost gets them to the wagon, and then once more they are gone. Sam has altered his disposition and his mode somewhat, and we hear a little something that sounds like swear words. Presently he commences the chase in deadly earnest and with menacing gestures and, lo, he has a club. This time the bulls break for the timber and crash through the undergrowth and are soon out of

sight. Sam is prostrate and full of heat and hate. Had we been close enough to have touched his flaming face we would have gotten a seventy-five kilowatt shock. He was speechless with hate and silent with chagrin. He dropped to the ground and commenced vigorously to pull grass. We took another glance backward as we went on and called back to him, "Treat 'em kind Sam and they'll come back." That night there was a different man came into camp. The new driver, with fire in his eye, was perched on the spring seat, with his black snake and his clubs and his prods close by and he wasn't treating 'em kind either.

INSERT NO. 1, PAGE 33

The writer's Grandfather, Samuel B. Clark, almost a century ago was one of the earliest settlers of Warren County, Indiana. At the first election held in the county he was elected as Associate Judge. After his term had expired, he probably, naturally, took up the duties of a Justice of the Peace, also becoming the counselor and advisor of his friends, and assisted in preparing legal papers, contracts, making out notes, etc.

The writer has in his possession a speciman note in the form that was used in those early days. He starts with the date and fills in the words "One year after date I promise to pay John Smith, ON MY HONOR," etc.

Billy Myers of Conejos County, Colo., had promised to pay to Sam Hannah and Charley Plowman, "on his honor," so many cows and their increase on a certain date. Billy was one of the big men and became prominent in his state, as also did Alva Adams, respectively Lieut. Governor and Governor of Colorado.

Billy, at this particular time, had moved to New Mexico and had notified the boys that he was ready to make delivery and liquidate the debt.

On a trip with our own cattle it was arranged that we branch off the main trail and go past the Myers ranch and pick up the cattle and then proceed to the Pan Handle. One day when we all thought that we were in close proximity to the ranch, Sam offered to take the mess wagon and proceed to Billy's place and there wait for us, and have supper ready when we arrived. We punched the cattle along leisurely until late in the afternoon when we could see the outlines of the corrals and buildings. We arrived at the corral about dusk with the cattle and we had difficulty in getting them in. We were a little anxious, too, for the reason that we were all worn out with the loss of sleep and expected to have a good night's sleep if we could corral the cattle. Finally we succeeded in getting them all in but some three or four, and they became unruly and mad and wild. After some strenuous riding and chasing we got them back close to the corral and they at once saw Sam and his camp close to the corral fence.

Sam had been promising us for several days some syrup made from sugar which he had been frugally saving for some time, and this was the night when he had a nice can of it prepared.

The mad cows made for Sam and the camp. He made no attempt to dissuade the nasty things to stay out and not disturb a nice orderly camp like that, but he at once took flight and hopped for the top pole on

the corral fence. When we came charging down he was looking down on a somewhat disorganized camp and sadly spilled supper. He being of rather a swearing disposition, we have endeavored all of these years to forget just what all he called us, as it was awful. We recall however the pathetic and the plaintive tone of voice that he used after the explosion was over and when his flaming temper had gotten all of the blankity, blankity D—— words out, he directed our attention to the camp and whispered "Now, you d—— fools,, look at them nice molasses." A mad cow had spilled the "lasses", and gotten Sam all "het" up.

And now the finis and in conclusion—we of course realize that this little book will be of no particular interest to a general reading public, and perhaps our own personal friends and immediate family relations, to whom we will expect to offer one, may pass it up, but withall, that will not make us feel sad or resentful or hurt, because some one may know and I will feel that I have had my little pleasures in writing it, and will have had my little satisfactions in putting it together, and I will have had those little delightful memories brought up from the stirring scenes related herein.

And finally when the curiosity and novelty has worn off and the little thing is scuffed about, trampled on, battered around, and shoved behind the clock, and from there to the old garret, where all of the old literary gems are often stored, then eventually it will reach the woodhouse ready for the junk pile. About this time it may happen that our little granddaughter, Peggy Hina', from California, in her dear sweet childish way, will be looking, some day, for something to play with—she may dig the little thing out from the bottom of an old barrel. It may have the back torn off, there may be some leaves missing, it may be disheveled and dirty; let's hope and wish that some little word or some short phrase may hold her attention to the end, and then perhaps she will realize and be able to tell her little playmates and companions what a whale of a feller Granfadda' was since Eighteen Hundred and Seventy Eight.

Adios
and
Buenos Noches

